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THE MATRON'S SPEECH.

Eloquence That Quelled a Riot in a Military Hospital.

In the "Memories of a Hospital Matron" a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, who was head of a Confederate hospital during the war, relates this exciting incident:

"Our steward, a meek little man, came to me one day, pale with fright, and said that the convalescents had stormed the bakery, taken out the half-cooked bread and scattered it about the yard, beaten the baker and threatened to hang the steward. I hurried to the scene to throw myself into the breach before the surgeon should arrive with the guard and arrest the offenders. I found the new bakery leveled to the ground and 200 excited men clamoring for the bread which, they declared, the steward withheld from them from meanness or stole for his own benefit.

"And what do you say of the matron?" I asked, rushing among them. "Do you think that she, through whose hands the bread must pass, is a party to the theft? Do you accuse me, who have nursed you through months of illness, making you chicken soup when we had not seen a chicken for a year, forcing an old breastbone to do duty for months for those unreasonable fellows who wanted to see the chicken; me, who gave you a greater variety in pens than was ever known before and who lately stewed your rats when the cook refused to touch them? And this is your gratitude! You tear down my bakehouse, beat my baker and want to hang my steward!"

"To my surprise the angry men laughed and cheered. A few days later there came to me a committee of two sheepish looking fellows to ask my acceptance of a ring. Each of the poor men had subscribed something from his pittance, and their old enemy, the steward, had been sent to town to make the purchase. Accompanying the ring was a bit of dirty paper on which was written, 'For our chief matron, in honor of her brave conduct on the day of the bread riot.'"

THE COOKBOOK.

To prevent eggs from cracking when they are boiling, place a pin in the saucerpan.

If you get too much salt in the gravy, a pinch of brown sugar will remedy the saltiness without hurting the gravy in the least.

When onions are of too strong flavor to be pleasant for sauce, boil a turnip with them, but remove it before using the onions.

Never fry more than six oysters at once unless you have a very large kettle of fat. If more are cooked, they will soak grease and take a long time to brown.

Don't forget that mince-meat is a great deal better to be made a week or ten days before it is to be used. The spices and cider, etc., have time to permeate the apple and meat.

Peanut salad is an excellent accompaniment for roast duck. Soak a cupful of peanut meats in olive oil, drain and mix lightly with two cupfuls of finely cut celery and a dozen pitted olives. Serve with mayonnaise dressing on lettuce leaves.

Plan For the Wooden Shoe.

"We have wisely taken to wearing sandals," says a Philadelphia physician. "I hope that before long we will learn the advantage of the wooden shoe, or sabot. Do you know that a great many diseases are due to leather shoes, due to the wearing all day long of tight leather that is often, in bad weather, water soaked? And do you know that by the wearing of wooden shoes, which keep the feet dry and which do not 'draw,' all those diseases might be avoided? I have several pairs of sabots, and so have my wife and children. They cost about 30 cents a pair and keep the feet dry, without cramping them or making them unhealthily tender. I believe that the wisest thing Americans could do would be to take up the sandal and the sabot, discarding altogether the shoe of leather."

Didn't Know About Cashboys.

Uncle Podunk (shopping in town, to saleswoman)—How much for them socks?

Saleswoman—Twenty-five cents a pair.

Uncle Podunk (putting his hand in his pocket)—All right. Gimme a pair.

Saleswoman—Yes, sir. Cash, here!

Uncle Podunk—Thunder and mud, woman! Ye needn't holler it so durn loud! I know it's cash here, an' ain't I feelin' fer it as fast as I kin?—New York Times.

Love Above Par.

Towne—How do you mean?

Brownie—He sent her a ten dollar bunch of roses and borrowed the price from me.—Philadelphia Press.

Men are like sandwiches—there's nothing in some of them, and the more there is in others the worse they are.—Chicago News.

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

The Two Men Separately and the Two in One Being.

Aristotle was an extraordinary man. Plato was an extraordinary man. That two men each severally so extraordinary should have been living at the same time in the same place was a very extraordinary thing. But would it diminish the wonder to suppose the two to be one? So I say of Bacon and Shakespeare. That a human being possessed of the faculties necessary to make a Shakespeare should exist is extraordinary. That a human being possessed of the necessary faculties to make Bacon should exist is extraordinary. That two such human beings should have been living in London at the same time was more extraordinary still. But that one man should have existed possessing the faculties and opportunities necessary to make both would have been the most extraordinary thing of all.

Great writers, especially being contemporary, have many features in common, but if they are really great writers they write naturally, and nature is always individual. I doubt whether there are five lines together to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with their several styles and practiced in such observations.—James Spedding's "Essays."

Physiological Autographs.

Every human being carries with him from his cradle to his grave certain physical marks which do not change their character and by which he can always be identified, and that without shade of doubt or question. These marks are his signature, his physiological autograph, so to speak, and this autograph cannot be counterfeited, nor can he disguise it or hide it away, nor can it become illegible by the wear and the mutations of time.

This autograph consists of the delicate lines or corrugations with which nature marks the insides of the hands and the soles of the feet. If you will look at the balls of your fingers, you will observe that these dainty curving lines lie close together, like those that indicate the borders of oceans in maps, and that they form various clearly defined patterns, such as arches, circles, long curves, whorls and so forth, and that these patterns differ on the different fingers.—"Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Strange Uses For Mirrors.

The celebrated Beau Brummel during the first years of his exile, while yet his fame as a dandy was pre-eminent, had the ceiling of his bedroom covered with mirrors so that even while at rest he could study elegance and assume a graceful pose. For such a purpose a glass ceiling is, however, not unique, and the notorious Duchess of Cleveland had such another constructed to gratify her vanity.

For a far different reason a certain Yorkshire gentleman of the last century had his ceiling paneled with mirrors. Ardently devoted to the sport of cockfighting, he continued to the last to enjoy his favorite pastime and even when on his deathbed his room was the scene of many an exciting fight, which, lying on his back, he saw reflected in the glass overhead.

A Tender Husband.

In connection with a slight affection of Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant's eyes a very pretty story is told indicative of General Grant's tender devotion to her. When he was president, she became somewhat sensitive about her eyes—she suffered from strabismus—and consulted a specialist to see what could be done for her. The specialist told her he thought he could improve her eyes, but the operation would be painful. She consulted her husband to learn whether he would advise the operation. "Don't have it done, dear," said the general, pressing her cheeks with his two hands. "Let those dear eyes stay just as they are. If they were changed, I might not recognize my sweetheart."

Distance Traveled by Odors.

As an illustration of the distance odors are carried it is noteworthy that the fumes and exhalations from the sulphur springs of Colorado can be distinguished at a distance of fully twenty miles. The delicious perfume of the forests of Ceylon is carried by the wind twenty-five miles out to sea, while in foggy weather travelers 100 miles from the land have recognized their proximity to the coast of Colombia by the sweet smell brought them on a breeze from the shore.

His Inheritance.

"And now," said Professor Longhunger as he greeted Mr. Henry Peck, "what shall we make of your little boy—a lecturer? He has a sincere taste for it."

"I know he has," replied the male parent; "he inherits it from his mother."—Schoolmaster.

The Savage's Forebodings.

The savage regarded the first white man thoughtfully.

"If I try to fight him," he said, "he will exterminate me, and if I try to live in peace with him he will cheat me out of everything, and I will starve to death. What chance have I got?"

THE BRAVE WOLVERENE.

Not a Little Wolf, but a Dignified Forest Monarch.

Not "little wolf," as the ignorant think, is the significance of wolverene, but something of greater dignity—an embodiment of the terrible spirit of the wild fire of the prehistoric forests. Wonderful in its strength and courage, a tree climber on occasion, not immense of size, but with limbs and claws great, out of all proportion to its size, with a muzzle almost hoglike, but with great white fangs, the beast had still an element of the grotesque in its makeup, with its sweeping, bushy tail and the broad bands of yellow white upon its back and shoulders. Woe to the small or beast or the deer upon which it dropped from some great low hanging branch or before which it suddenly appeared in the dense windfalls!

Of all the continent, the Michigan peninsula was the chosen habitat of the wolverene, and he struggled long before backwoodsmen drove him from his heritage. So enduring was he, so desperately courageous, that his name became a synonym for pluck and prowess, and proudly the people of Michigan accept the nickname which has been given to him.—Outing.

What is a Well Dressed Honnet?

"What in theatrical parlance is a well dressed honnet?" said a dramatic writer, and after a silent pause he continued: "I went the other night to a show, and as I passed in the doorkeeper said to me, 'We have a well dressed honnet tonight, sir.' I supposed he meant that the audience was sporting its best clothes, but I found on looking about that this was not true, and so between the acts I asked him what he had meant. He answered: 'I meant that the honnet had been seated by the box office man very cleverly, so that it balanced well, and so that the fact that it was not small was not perceptible. To dress a honnet is to distribute an audience all over it so it looks full when it is, as a matter of fact, far from being so. There are here enough people to fill about the first seven rows of the orchestra, but the honnet is well dressed, and on looking at it you have the impression that it is fairly well filled. Every ticket seller should see to it that his honnet is dressed properly. That is why you so often fall to get seated as far up front as you would like.'—Philadelphia Record.

Why Shakespeare Endures.

What interests us in Shakespeare's plays is not the plays themselves, but the (strictly irrelevant) truth and beauty that he poured into them. We love them for their matchless poetry and their matchless insight into the human soul. "Hamlet" is for us nothing but the study of a contemplative man distracted by the necessity to be up and doing. "Macbeth" the study of a noble mind degraded by ambition. "The Merchant of Venice" the study of racial strength against contempt and persecution. Nothing to us now the actual framework of these studies; everything the studies themselves and the language in which they are set forth. Our pleasure in the production of a Shakespearean play is according solely to the illuminative rightness of the conception of the chief character or characters and to the sonorous beauty with which the verse is declaimed by all.—Saturday Review.

The Spanish Schoolteacher.

The teacher of any land may be overworked. He may suffer from the parsimonious policy of the powers and be underpaid even in our own enlightened country, but in few countries, certainly not in the United States, could such a story as the one which follows be truthfully told:

In the streets of a Spanish city, says the author of "The Land of the Dons," a police officer stumbled on the corpse of a ragged and emaciated pauper. In making out his report he asked what he should enter as the dead man's profession.

"What did he die of?" asked the magistrate.

"Starvation," replied the policeman.

"Put him down as a schoolmaster," replied the magistrate.

Tonsillitis.

An attack of tonsillitis can usually be warded off by painting the inflamed tonsil with tincture of iodine. If you are unsuccessful in the attempt and the tonsils ulcerate, swab them at once with guaiacum and repeat in five or six hours. This I learned from a well known throat specialist of St. Louis, and I find I can almost always recover without the services of my physician.—Good Housekeeping.

As the Stork Sees It.

First Stork—I just left a baby at that millionaire's house.

Second Stork—Furry things, these human beings! I've just delivered three to one woman in a tenement house, and her husband's out of work, and they haven't a cent.—Brooklyn Life.

All Kinds.

Customer (to grocer)—How much is your butter a pound?

Grocer—Do you mean sweet butter, dairy cream butter, best butter, fine butter or butter?—Stray Stories.

The man who doesn't amount to much usually has his sign out.

CATCHING CRABS.

Choptank River Fishers Land Them by an Ingenious Method.

Those who crab for market on the Choptank river, Maryland, have an ingenious method of catching crabs in quantity. A rope about the thickness of a clothesline several hundred feet long is kept coiled in a keg. At intervals of two feet along the entire length of the rope the fisherman has unwisted it and inserted between the strands short pieces of salted eels. The torsion of the strand holds them tightly in place. Each end of the rope has a keg buoy attached, together with a heavy stone. Arriving at the favored place, usually on oyster beds, he throws a keg overboard and pays out a highly scented rope as he sails. When the other end is reached, he anchors it with another stone and throws out another buoy. After lowering his sail he waits a few minutes, then takes his stand on the bow of his boat. Alongside of him is his landing net, with a handle six feet long. He raises the buoy and stone and, hand over hand, pulls his boat along the line. When a crab, clinging to its refreshment, comes in sight, he seizes his net, dashes it under the crab and dings it into the boat. The wary crab may loosen his hold and dive for the bottom, but such is the fisherman's dexterity that his net is swifter than the crab. One seldom gets away. Several hundreds of crabs are often taken at each overhauling of the rope. When he has caught all he wants, he packs them in barrels and sells them to a local dealer, who ships them to market.—Country Life in America.

"Doing" Europe in Your Mind.

According to a Cairo contemporary, persons who wish to let their friends know that they are "doing" Europe on a princely scale while they are living in retirement for a time need only apply to an agency in Paris, which will undertake to send your letters to practically any place in Europe you may select and there to have them posted for you on any date you may choose. The demand for such an institution arose out of the absolute horror the Parisian of "high life" has of being suspected of remaining in Paris or its environs in the bathing season. One feature of the joke is that you can not only get your letters posted from some distant spot, but you can get answers received for you and reposted to your temporary hiding place. There are great possibilities for American travelers in this. Why not stay in America and "do" Europe?—New York Tribune.

Insurance Has Its Humor.

An enterprising insurance agent induced an Irishman to take out an accident policy for his wife. A few days later while conversing with a friend in his office he was startled to see the Irishman rush in, brandishing fiercely a stout cane.

"Ye rascal!" he yelled, springing toward the agent. "Ye wanten cheat me?"

Fortunately the enraged man was disarmed and held fast by the agent's friend, who was a powerfully built man. The Irishman, struggling to get free, shouted:

"Let me git at the spalpeen! Think ov it, chargin' me folve dollars for an accident ticket fer me ole woman, an' she jist broke her leg a-fallin' down shairs! Wot's the good of the ticket anyhow?"

Male Blushers.

One of the most ill founded of all popular delusions is that blushing is the special characteristic of the female sex. As a matter of fact, except in the case of very young girls, men blush far more readily than women. The well bred woman never blushes at all, while it is a matter of everyday experience that in the excitement of business or political discussions men's cheeks redden with very little provocation. What ever may have been the case a hundred years ago, the modern woman shows her emotion not by blushing, but by turning pale.—London Tatler.

Mathematics of Love.

"Margaret," he began, "I have \$3,750 in the bank. I own half interest in a patent churn company that clears \$1,700 a year. My salary is \$20 a week, with prospects of a raise to \$22. I have an aunt who will leave me twenty-seven shares of a railway stock now quoted at 53. Tell me, Margaret, will you be mine?"

"Wait," she replied, "till I get a pencil."

For she never had been good at mental arithmetic.—Newark News.

The Baths of Caracalla.

The Romans appear to have been well off in the matter of bathing places in the first and second centuries. In the baths of Caracalla 1,300 bathers could be accommodated at one time. The inclosed area was 300 square yards, but it included a course for foot racing. The bathing establishment was 240 yards in length by 124 wide. The remains of the walls are 8 and 10 feet thick and in some places as much as 50 feet high.

Fame is easily acquired. All you have to do is to be in the right place at the right time and do the right thing in the right way—and then advertise it properly.—Puck.

OVERPETTED PETS.

Dogs and Cats Spoiled by Appetite For Unnatural Tidbits.

Possibly the dog world might afford a better specimen of a living skeleton than one in the kennel next to the door of a boarding place for animals, but it would take a day's journey to find him.

"What's makes him so thin?" was asked of the attendant.

"He won't eat," was the reply—"that is, he won't eat hospital food. He's been spoiled. Lots of dogs and cats that are brought here have been spoiled. Their owners think it is a sign of high breeding to cultivate an appetite for a peculiar and unnatural diet. They train animals to eat all kinds of food that they would never touch of their own volition. This emaciated fellow has been taught to like fruit. He is particularly fond of pears; but, in case he can't get them, peaches, apples and bananas are a fairly satisfactory substitute. Unfortunately, his present ailment makes a fruit diet extremely dangerous, and since he is deprived of his favorite food he is literally starving himself to death."

The attendant passed on to a neighboring cage and poked his finger sportively into the side of a large gray cat that "meowed" plaintively in response to his cheery "Hello, there, Caesar!" The cat had such a healthy, wholesome appearance that the visitor inquired what meat he was fed upon. "Humph!" said the attendant. "You've missed it there. He doesn't feed upon meat. He's a vegetarian. He likes onions better than anything else, unless it's melons. A good many cats like melons, and most of them are also partial to raw asparagus. The fact is you might run through a list of all the dishes that find a place on any up to date menu and you will find that some of our patients have acquired a taste for them. This epicurean appetite may denote aristocratic tendencies on the part of my boarders, but I don't approve of it. Most of these acquired tastes are a perversion of the natural animal appetite, and it is likely to prove harmful in the end. The trick is pretty expensive for us fellows that run cat and dog boarding houses, and I'd like to put a stop to it."—New York Times.

APHORISMS.

Liberality consists rather in giving; seasonably than much.—Cicero.

Labor is the divine law of our existence; repose is desertion and suicide.—Mazzini.

Unbecoming forwardness oftener proceeds from ignorance than impudence.—Guville.

Kindness is a language the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear and understand.—Bovee.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.—Rochefoucauld.

He who has no inclination to learn more will be very apt to think that he knows enough.—Powell.

It is not what he has or even what he does which expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.—Amiel.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

Justice is the insurance we have on our lives and property, and obedience is the premium we pay for it.—Penn.

Cats of Ancient Egypt.

By some persons the popularity of the cat in Egypt has been attributed to the fact that the animal was valuable in ridding the palaces of rats and mice and also in hunting fowls. There are several paintings in the British museum, executed by ancient Egyptian artists, representing Egyptian sportsmen in boats on the river Nile, accompanied by large cats, sitting on their haunches in the stern. Other pictures show the cats swimming with birds in their mouths after the manner of retriever dogs. These pictures have greatly perplexed modern naturalists because the cat of today has a strong aversion to water, and it is difficult to reconcile such different traits even after the lapse of thousands of years.

Food We Ought to Eat.

It has been said that a man should be in very good health if he takes no more than three different kinds of food at any one meal. It should be served as nearly as possible in its simple state. More food is required on a damp, raw, cold day than on a cheerful, dry one.

As a rule, it is safe to assume that what we crave for is best for us, though in cases of illness this point should not be strictly adhered to.

Men require a good deal more food than women; those who work hard more than those who lead a sedentary life; those who are growing more than those who have reached maturity.

As Jack Saw It.

Jack, who is five years old, came home one day last week crying that another boy had hit him.

"Why didn't you hit him back?" he was asked.

"I did," he answered. "I hit him back first."—New York Times.

It is not the loudest church bell that brings the most money to the collection box.—Washington Post.

JUST LIKE MOTHER.

An Early Morning Letter With an Important Announcement.

That domestic ambulance corps of which mother or wife or sister has charge, being accustomed to all the accidents that befall heedless men folk, can sometimes deal with them at long range. Thus the New York Mail and Express tells how, at 6 o'clock in the morning of the wedding day, a post-office messenger rang the bell at the home of the bride to be and handed out a special delivery letter.

It was addressed to the best man, who had come forty miles to second his best friend in the ceremony, and was, with several others, the guest of the bride's parents. The best man was still sound asleep, but he was promptly awakened on the supposition that the letter must contain something of importance.

It did, indeed. Rubbing his eyes in an effort to understand, he tore open the envelope and was astonished to find a sheet of letter paper, with a large needle of the sort men always choose when emergency compels them to sew thrust through it and a foot of black thread doubled and trailing in a loose tangle down the page.

The best man thought it was a joke, but he could not see it, and he was about to become resentful when, upon turning the sheet, he found this hastily written note:

Dear Brother—Mother says there is a button off your dress coat. It is in your waistcoat, right hand pocket. Sew it on.

Crawling out of bed, the best man examined his coat and laughed to see that the situation had been accurately described in the letter. "Just like mother," he said. "She has probably lost a whole night's sleep thinking about that button."

Later in the day four bridesmaids gleefully assisted in making the repairs, and this telegram went to mother:

Button sewed on. Don't worry.

A remarkable peculiarity of the redwood (Sequoia sempervirens) is its manner of increase, which is from dormant buds at the base of the stump as well as from the seed. When a tree is blown down or fell, as its period of existence was reached, several shoots pushed upward from the circumference of the stump and, of course, in a six, ten or a dozen feet in diameter. In after years, as these trees have fallen, each would have a circle of trees surrounding it.

THE NUGGAR TANK.

This Loathsome Spot is One of the Sights of India.

One of the innumerable curious sights of India is the Nuggar tank of Kurachl. In former times the crocodiles which inhabit it rommed the neighborhood at their will, seeking whom they might devour, but so great were their depredations that the authorities were forced to build a wall round their haunt. This is a swamp, caused by hot springs, the medicinal virtues of which have been known from early times and are attributed to the sanctity of a Mohammedan whose tomb is close by and to whom the crocodiles are sacred.

The tank, as it is called, is about 150 yards long by about half that distance in breadth. In this space one observer counted over 200 reptiles from eight to fifteen feet long and so tame, in a sense, that it is necessary to poke them with a stick before they will move.

Buffaloes are always standing in the water and are not attacked, but any other animal is instantly seized. "The whole appearance of the place," says one writer, "with its green, slimy, stagnant water and so many of these huge, uncounted monsters moving sluggishly about, is disgusting in the extreme, and it will long be remembered by me as the most loathsome spot I ever beheld."—Chambers' Journal.



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